## EVER BEENINHARFORD CO., MD?

EVER TRIED TO GET THE NEWS OF A BIG FIGHT THERE?

If You Have and You Had the Luck of This Man You'd Be Glad if in the End You Met the Kind of Actor Woman He Ran Across, Though She Shocked the Natives

"I was becalmed right on the night of the Jeffries-Corbett go, and I guess maybe wasn't wishing that the wireless wigwaggers had got past the experimental stage," remarked a New York travelling man, who for his sins and because his firm is now located in that town is compelled to live in Baltimore when he's at home. "My wife was anchored on the farm of some friends who till the soil and raise tomatoes and things for the canneries in Harford county, Md., and on the day before the fight I went down to see her.

"When I got up to the farm on the morning of the fight I saw, back of the farmhouse, a couple of chicks of a brood that must have been all of four days old engaged in an ambitious, but not very sanguinary, scrap, and that brought the impending swatfest at San Francisco back to my mind. I immediately began to get busy trying to find out how I was going to learn the result before the frost-touched persimmons began to drop.

"I put on a very much abused, you-seehow-I-am-tied map on me when I presented this problem to my wife.

'You've got me snagged out here in the land of the hanky-panks,' I said to her with fallen chops, 'and now it'll probably be next Thursday week come Michaelmas before I find out who won the fight.'

"This was a pin-head opening, of course, for it gave her the chance to counter with the inquiry as to which I considered the more important, a visit with her or an opportunity to be in front of the big end of a megaphone while a couple of brutes 3,000 miles away were trying to beat each other to death. I avoided the full force of this one by clinching, and then she relented.

'There's a telephone right in the dining room of this farm house,' she told me, 'and all you've got to do is to ring up one of the newsapers in Baltimore and find out about the horrid affair. Er-which do you think is going to win, Jim or Jeff?"

"This sounded pretty good. I edged into the dining room of the farmhouse to take a look at the telephone. Yep, it was a regular, honest Injun telephone, hung right underneath the chromo of the pink-cheeked, curly-haired angel lady carrying the waxy-faced baby aloft toward

"So's to make sure that it wasn't a phony or a piece of bric-à-brac belonging on the what-not, I gave the bell a twist and called up central-central was at Bel Air, five miles away, and asked for Baltimore. The young man with the pink crocheted necktie at Bel Air-I knew that he had one of 'em on, even if I didn't see him-told me that the Baltimore wire was out of kilter for the first time since the installation of the ser-

"That let me out. The telephone was still on the buck when we had finished the sun-up farmhouse breakfast the next morning, and so I began to hint around about getting one of the farm horses to drag me in a buckboard to the nearest civilized point so's I could get the number of the winner of that fight. Nothing transpiring. All of the nags were scheduled for field stunts that day, and there wouldn't be airy a hike to the post office until about 6 o'clock that afternoon when one of the dines that afternoon, when one of the dinge hands would be sent to the Fountain Green post office, two miles away, to get the copy of the Baltimore morning paper and such other seed catalogues as happened to be directed to the tillers of that particular

section of land.
"Well, I was going to find out the hind name of the Jim who'd got that decision before twilight or have somebody send me a mailing card telling me why, and so I had 'em point out the road to the Fountain Green post office to me and I started to walk there on the chance that maybe the the fight stuck away down among the

mother's bread ads.

"I met a lot of people driving in from Fountain Green and Bel Air when I hit the high road. The first of them was an aged man in a caloosh that looked like a cross between I could be the control of the control between Louis the Fourteenth street's state coach and an East Side night-liner, There was much alfalfa nestling in the crevices of his long, streamy wind enticer: but I determined to take a chance, any

'Sir,' I said to him, giving him the salute, 'have you heard how the fight came 'Hey?' he inquired of me, making a wind-scoop around his right ear with both

in San Francisco last night.

"Wait a minute, suh, so's Ah kin heah yo' all, said the old gentleman, and then he dropped the reins and began to fish around in the back of the caloosh for something or other. After unting for about four minutes

he flashed a speaking trumpet on me. Then I ran down the road. I did some footwork that would have made Corbett in his prime look as if he had on lead-soled shoes, and as I rounded a bend I looked back breathlessly and saw the old man with the mustard seed in his zephyr-inviters gazing sus-piciously after me.

"The next one I met was an Eph in a pyramidal straw lid through the top of which his reddish hair, mingled with sprays

of gypsum-weed, protruded rakishly was driving a brown-spotted white horse, was driving a brown-spotted white horse.

114 years of age, that snored as he walked.

"'My friend,' I said winningly, giving him the number four, 'maybe you've heard who won the fight, and, if so, maybe you wouldn't mind telling me the winner's name, mess-number, and hammock-look. If you do I shall stake you to the sassiont. If you do, I shall stake you to the sassiest sassafras stogie that ever came out of Smoketown-on-the-Allegheny.'

"The Eph pulled up and looked me over, while the brown-spotted white horse that was old when Napoleon was on St. Helena leaned against a roadside tree and snored

harder than ever.
"'Fight, suh?' he said to me. 'Who all's been a-fightin'? Ah sho' thought the Spanish wah was all dun fit and ovuh with Ah sho' did! Has Aggynaldy and them Filopeens been a fizgiggin' around agin?'
"My hat blew off then, and I was real glad of it. It gave me a chance to proceed on my way toward Fountain Green.

eeed on my wav toward Fountain Green.

"Before arriving at the postoffice I held just one more of 'em up. He looked held just one more of em up. He looked like Old Man Time in a one-suspendered suit of dungarees, and he was riding a subtle-looking brindle mule with only a halter to guide him.

'Neighbor,' I said to the old gentleman on the mule, 'last night, no doubt you have heard, there was a physical encounter on the West Coast between two robust persons samed Corbett and Jeffries. Now, I

"'How did yo' all heah 'bout it so soon? the old man broke in, in a tone of surprise 'Ain't yo' all one o' Cv Railfence's bo'duhs? "Yes, sir.' I replied, 'but I haven't heard the outcome. I only knew, from the public

riots, that such an affair was scheduled to happen, and I am desirous of—

"Oh, ah see,' the old man interrupted me again. 'Yo' all want t' find out how the fight come out. 'Pears t' me lak ah read somethin' 'bout it somewheah. But Ah hain't heahd nothin' 'bout it this mo'nin'. Ah reakleak th', last flott Ah was in't head racklack th' last fight Ah was int'usted in-it was a right smaht spell ago. Lemme

in—it was a right smaht spell ago. Lemme see, suh, it must ha' been somewheah back in th' sixties, when John C. Heenan, th' Benecia Boy they called him, fit Tom Sayuha, ovuh on th' othul side, an'—"Yep, I had to listen. He sat sideways on the Machiavellian-looking mule and told me all about it. Then I pressed forward to the post office and finally reached it. me all about it. Then I presented it.
to the post office and finally reached it.

In one corner of the post office, screened

by the herring and codfish boxes and the dangling rows of blue wool socks, the post-master was sorting out the mail. I asked him for the Railfence's Baltimore morning paper, reaching out a trembling hand for it.

"It didn't come, suh,' the postmaster told me. 'Fust time in fo'teen yeahs that Cy Railfenee's Bal'mor mo'nin' papuh's failed tuh tuhn up, on time, an' it sho' is queeah; Yo'all tell Cy fo' me that Ah'm

son'y."
"Well, then, if the paper hasn't come,'
I said desperately, to the Fountain Green
postmaster, 'maybe the people that brought
the mail here from Bel Air told you who
won the Scht?" the fight?

won the light?

"He looked me over vaguely.

"Ah did heah them triflin', no-'count boys sayin' somethin' bout a fight but Ah didn't pay no 'tention. Why, was it—

"I drilled out of the Fountain Green. post office and took up the clip for Bel Air, three miles away. Bel Air's on the line three miles away. Bel Air's on the line of a jerkwater railroad, and I doped it out that there might be a chance in ten, any how, that maybe the station operator migh

have heard something about the fight.

"I was pounding along the road to Bel Air, glaring through the vista of trees, when I saw a handsome buggy, driven by a woman in a white dress, slowly advancing in my direction. As the buggy drew near I saw that the woman was a drew near I saw that the woman was a swagger, shapely doll with black hair and eyes, a katinka in a duck dress that looked like it had been sawed and split

by a shearsman that knew how.
"The horse hitched to the buggy was going at a walk. The nifty bisque patter had the reins loosely wrapped around one of her forearms, and she was gripping a big blanket newspaper which she was reading

was reading it so intently that when the horse was only about sixty feet away from me, he suddenly took it into his head that the grass tufts on the side of the road looked good enough to eat, and he strolled over to them and began to nibble—he was unchecked—while the off wheels of the buggy settled comfortably into a little, shallow gully, giving the woman in the buggy a careen to one side. Sho in the buggy a careen to one side. looked up suddenly, saw me standing with my lid in my hand, and smiled pleas-

antly. "Madam, I said to her, 'you have a newspaper. Yes, she replied, in the patois of my tribe, and I was so interested in reading about the fight that this old hew-gag of a bug-horse forgot that he was hitched and

started to take the jumps with me, as "Oh, no, that meeting wasn't lucky or anything! 'Madam,' I said, trying hard to represe my frenzied eagerness, 'who won?'

"Jeff in a jog, of course,' she replied
animatedly. 'Ten rounds, and it was like taking candy from a child for the Boilermaker. By the way, here's a Baltimore morning paper, if you want one—I've got a bunch of 'em—it's got the scrap by

"I thanked that black-haired vision more sincerely than I'd ever thanked a human being before for a favor in my life. She nodded pleasantly, clucked to her horse, and drove on When I got back to the farm a little

before noon, I inquired of the farm folks on the porch:

"Who is the beautiful fairy squeen with who is the beautiful fairy squeen with the purple hair and the dimples and the lamp-black eyes and the white duck duds who drives in a buggy on the Bel Air road? "The farm folks looked at me in a mystified sort of way for a minute, and then they

all caught it at once.
"'Oh,' said one of them, 'she 's one o them actor women from up York way thet's down here restin' over yonder on Zeb Hawbuck's place. She b'longs t' them sextette troupers, an' they say she's singin' an' climbin' fences an' lettin' her hair blow loose an' cuttin' up scand'lous all th' time. Why? Did you all run across her? Ain't she th' bold one?' "

#### PASSING OF A GIANT TRUCK. And the Mistake of a Driver Who Though

the End of It Was Near. About as long a wheeled outfit as any that traverses the city's streets is the giant four-horse truck of the kind used for hauling iron beams. One of these trucks, with its two pairs of big horses strung out ahead, the truck itself reaching half a block, more or less, and the beams stick ing out well behind, takes up considerable space. But there are times when the great truck takes up more room than it Baltimore paper might have arrived, and does at others, as, for instance, when, if so that it might contain a line or so about instead of a load of I beams or something like that, it has a load, say, of car rails. One of these outfits, with a load of rails was encountered passing along Ninth street

> excited wonder in the hearts of all beholders. To a man who happened to be walking at the time down University place, above Ninth street, there came into view, proceeding along Ninth street from the west to the east, a pair of great horses moving with ponderous slowness, and followed presently by another pair of the same kind moving in just the same manner, and then presently appeared the great truck's giant forward pair of wheels.
>
> Then came the forward ends of the long and massive beauty that are a characteristic.

and massive beams that are a characterist part of this truck's equipment, and then presently there came in sight the forward end of the load of rails slung under them; and then for some time beams and rails continued to pass before the eye in a sort

continued to pass before the eye in a sort of two-storied procession, truck beams above and rails below, that it seemed would never stop.

But after a time the giant pair of rear wheels came rolling into sight; and at the sight of them the driver of a light wagon, an averagement who like the production. an expressman, who, like the pedestrian here mentioned, had been coming down University place and had been halted by the passing giant truck, made up his mind that he wouldn't wait any longer, but would just drive around the end of it now

and go on

And he started up his horse, and turned him over to the right-hand side of the road, so as to get all the space he could, and started ahead to where he could look along Ninth street to the west, whence the great truck was coming; but when he had got that far he halted again, with an expression on his face that said as plainly

and go on

as anything could say:

"Well, I'll be jiggered!"

He had thought that he could drive around the end of the outfit now, easily; but there was so much of it still to come that he could scarcely yet see the end of it. So he held up again and nection the t. So he held up again and patiently vaited, the horses of the great truck out-t being then well to the east of University place, the truck stretching clean across that thoroughfare, and the rails still pro-jecting well to the west of it along Ninth

But in time, as all things pass, the great outfit had passed completely over, and University place had been opened up again; and so, at last, the pedestrian and the ex-pressman were enabled to proceed on their way down University place, the express-man starting up his horse briskly to make up for lost time.

# A Kansas View of Statesmanship

From the Atchison Globe From the Alchison Globe.

Victor Murdock, the newspaper Congressman, used to work for \$20 a week on the Wichita Eagle. As soon as he was elected to Congress to succeed Senator Long, his salary started. His salary amounts to \$14 a day, and he hasn't a thing to do, and won't have until Congress meets next winter. He said while in Alchison yesterday that every morning when he awakes, his first thought is of getting up and going to work on the Wichita Eagle at \$20 a week.

Then he begins to realize that he is a Congressman, whereupon he can hear fourteen gressman, whereupon he can hear fourteen silver dollars fall on the tin roof near his

bedroom. Then he rolls over and goes to sleep again. Then he rolls over and goes to sleep again. In addition to having nothing to do, Dave Leahy, Mr. Murdock's private secretary and former newspaper associate, is paid by the Government to do it. Every morning Dave appears to take the orders of the statesman, but usually the great man has nothing to say to his private secretary except to express regret that he (the secretary) can't hear fourteen silver dollars fail on the tin roof every morning. (Mr. Lenhy's salary we regret to say, is only \$100 per month.)

Mr. Murdock' also explained to Atchison friends how he lost his touch as a plano player; His wife bought a Jersey cow, and Mr. Murdock lost his touch in milking. THE AVENGING OF JIM WATERS.

Being the Story of a Poker Game in the Wild West in Which a Life Was the Stake.

An oath, the crash of an overturned table on the floor, a rush, a scuffle, the cracking sound of one, two, three pistol shots, and big Jim Waters lay dead. As he fell his own revolver sounded again, but he had lost his aim and the shot went wild. Following this last sound there came

a profound silence. Bud Henderson, professional gambler and bad man, stood for a moment or two with his revolver in his hand, still smoking, and looked around at the grave, set faces of the men who had witnessed the murder. It was as if he hoped, but hardly expected to hear some word said of exculpation, if not approval, but no man spoke.

Then his face changed. With a sullen scowl he broke the silence himself. "I call you all to witness," he said, "that Jim

brought this on himself. Still no man spoke. A bystander might have wondered if their silence might perhaps be connected with the fact that Henderson's gun was still in his hand and that he was known to be expert in the use of it. There were others in the room, however, who were ready enough to shoot when they deemed the occasion fit, and that may not have been the cause. Henderson spoke again. "Didn't he draw first?" he demanded, angrily.

"Well, as to that," said Billy Ginter, slowly, "I reckon it'd be hard to say. You wa'n't neither of you slow to draw." Billy owned the place and was recognized as the leading spirit in most of the deviltry of the little Western town. "Didn't he say I cheated?" demanded

Bud, still more angrily. "Yes, he said that," said Billy readily enough

"Well, don't that mean fight in this town? pursued Henderson.

"It sure does," admitted Billy, and those who listened felt that the case was closed. There would be legal proceedings, as a matter of course, but they would be purely formal, and the character of the testimony to be given had been decided when Billy Ginter spoke. At the same time there was not a man among those who would be called on to testify who did not realize that Bud Henderson had lowered his standing in the community, rather than raised it, by his latest achievement. The mere killing of a man, more or less, was not likely to produce that effect. He had killed other men and it had not been held against Him. Indeed, his reputation as a "bad man" was generally considered an evidence of disinction among his fellows, to whom goodness and badness conveyed a different meaning from that which obtains in some other parts of the world.

Bud was a gambler. So were his cronies, and among them he had been generally regarded as a "square" man. He paid his osses uncomplainingly, and exacted his winnings without pity. So much was a common virtue. But, over and above that. he had been looked upon as one who would never take unfair advantage of a brother professional. What he might do if there vere "suckers" in the game was another matter, with which the ethics of his circle were not involved.

But big Jim Waters was a gambler also and though he had not achieved distinction as a fighter, his reputation in other respects was fully equal to Henderson's. He, too, was an uncomplaining loser when luck ran against him, and no man had ever before heard him bring any accusation of foul play against his antagonist. And his word had always been accepted as good for anything he might say; while Bud, though no one had ever accused him of falsehood, had not been looked upon as conspicuously reliable.

Therefore it came about that although Billy Ginter was the only one who happened to be overlooking the game of poker in across University place, the other day and which the quarrel arose, and was the only one, therefore, who might have been able o offer an opinion as to whether Waters's charge was justifiable, and although he did not, at that time or any other, express any opinion on this subject, there was just that quality of reserve in his tone. when he replied to Henderson's questions, that gave the impression that he was not wholly satisfied. And the others, remembering that Waters usually meant what he said, and seldom spoke without good grounds for what he said, were vaguely dissatisfied.

However, it was up to Ginter to speak the decisive word, and as he chose not to speak there was nothing which any one else cared to do. The legal proceedings were therefore perfunctory to a degree. It appearing at the inquest that the deceased had come to his death in a fair. stand-up fight, and, moreover, that he had himself provoked the fight by imputing unprofessional conduct to Henderson, the Coroner found that the latter gentleman had acted in self-defence. and no other officials felt it incumbent

upon them to take further action. These things had happened near the end of the winter season, and as the town usually awoke to new activity with the coming of each spring, there was less thought given to the shooting of Jim Waters than might have been the case at another time. Certain mining interests in the vicinity proved good, and something closely resembling a "boom" began. Strangers came in considerable numbers, and the sale of claims, which had been looked upon as almost hopeless, became a paying industry.

As an actual result, business was better in Billy Ginter's establishment, where red liquor and chips were always obtainable for cash, than it had been for some time, and he and the steady frequenters of the place were sufficiently occupied with current matters to allow the taking off of one of their number to slip from their minds. And but for the arrival of a stranger in town it is altogether likely that there would have been no man to tell about it.

The new man was unlike any one who had appeared there before. He was plainly a consumptive, and although there had been other consumptives who had sought the benefit of the mountain air, and therefore invalidism was not conspicuous, this man excited the compassion of every one who saw him. He was not only ill, and plainly ill, but he was a hunchback, so small and so grotesquely misshapen as to preclude every thought but that of pity.

For two days after his arrival he wa unable to leave his room at the hotel, but on the morning of the third day he startled the hotel proprietor by appearing in the office and denanding to know the particulars of Mr. James Waters's death.

"I know he is dead," said the newcomer, "for the servants told me so when I asked

them to tell him I was here, but they could not or would not tell me anything more. I want to know all about it, for, you see Jim was my brother. He and I were all there were left, and he was mighty good

There was not a quaver in the thin little, high-pitched voice, but there was a certain wistfulness in the man's tone that seemed

very pathetic to the landlord, and he looked down at his questioner very doubtfully. down at his questioner very doubtfully. When he tried to speak he found that there was a sort of choking feeling in his throat that interfered with his words, and that he

could not, any more than his servants could, tell the miserable details. Twice or thrice he tried to speak and failed. Then he said, "I reckon you'd better see Billy Ginter. They say he was with your brother when he died, and he can tell you more about it 'n anybody else can. You just go an' lie down, now, an' I'll get Billy over here."

Lie down Mr. Harry Waters would not,

but he consented to sit in a big chair in the landlord's private room while that worthy went after Ginter. Afterward he told some of his friends that about the hardest day's work he ever did was to persuade dinter that the only thing he could do, if he wanted to play fair, was to face the little hunchback and tell him what he knew. "You can kind o' smooth it over, an' make him think it wa'n't so bad," he said, and finally Ginter consented, with the in-tention of telling as little as possible. "But," said the latter when he was talking

"But," said the latter when he was talking it over, as everybody did talk it over a few days afterward, "when I set down with that poor little feller, an' looked into them big black eyes o' his, I just couldn't lie, an' I told him the whole story."

One thing, however, he would not say, nor did Harry Waters seem to care whether he said it or not.

You say my brother accused this man of cheating and pulled his gun and rushed

"Yes," said Ginter.
"And you had been looking on at the

"Yes."
"Well, did the man cheat?" But this was the one thing Ginter would tot say, though Waters asked him twice "Well, never mind," said the little hunch "If my brother said he did

he did. Jim never said a thing in his life And the interview closed, Waters asking only one more question, "Is this man Henderson round here yet?"
"Oh, yes," said Ginter. "He's over to

my place every night."
"I suppose he always goes armed,"
observed Waters tentatively, and Ginter

I thought for a minute the poor little shrimp was thinkin' o' goin' gunnin' for Bud," he said, "but I seen how foolish tlat was, soon as I thought of it, so I just said, I reckon he does, an' I come away."

Certainly nobody could have thought that Mr. Harry Waters was going gunning for anybody that night when he hobbled painfully into Billy Ginter's place, leaning on a stick. Judging from his appearance, it would have been too great an effort for him to carry a revolver, to say nothing

of the work of drawing and firing. His voice was as steady as ever, though, and his maner was perfectly caim when he greeted linter, and asked if Mr. Bud Henderson was in the room.
"Yes, there he is," said Ginter, indicat ing him with his forefinger. Henderson was sitting alone, for it was early, and business had not begun, so the hunch walked over to him while everybody

in the room looked on with eager curiosity.

"Are you Bud Henderson?" he asked.

"Yes," said the gambler.

"I am Harry Waters. Did you kill my Henderson gasped, and for a moment found it hard to speak. He felt the gaze of the bystanders, however, and presently answered: "Yes, I shot him in a fair fight." Never mind about that. You killed

Yes," said the gambler sullenly.

"Have you got your gun with you?"

"Yes, but I ain't going to fight you."

"I didn't ask you to. I'm not such a fool. Is it the same one you killed my brother with?" "Now look here. What do you mean "Answer me," and the thin little voice

rang out with a curious tone of command.
"Is it the same one?"
"Well, yes, it is. What of it?" "Oh, nothing in particular, only I'm rather glad it is the same one. Now I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll put up a thousand

dollars against that gun and play you a freeze-out for it. And if I win it I'll use it.

"I won't do anything of the—"

"Then you're a coward, Mr. Bud Henderson. If I was a man that was able to meet you in a fair fight, I'd kill you on sight out this is the only way I see, and if you're Henderson looked around wildly. He certainly was not a coward, but the proposition seemed so preposterous that it was little wonder that he was staggered

To his dismay, however, he saw in the faces around him that, horrible as it seemed to him, the others evidently approved of the suggestion. While he still hesitated, Ginter spoke There couldn't be no fairer way to settle t" he said. And Henderson realized that if he should refuse he would lose caste

"I'll do it," was all he said. And in a few moments they were seated with cards and chips between them. A little to one

and chips between them. A little to one side of the centre of the table lay the gun and ten \$100 bills.

"All I ask for," said the hunchback, as he picked up the cards, "is fair play,"

"And you can bet your life you'll get it," exclaimed Ginter The others said nothing, but there was no sign of dissent.

Each man had a hundred chips and they anted one calls two. For half a dozen anted one calls two. For half a dozen deals there was nothing of importance to tell. Then on a jackpot, Waters opened and Henderson came in. It was his deal. Waters drew two cards and Henderson

ook three. After the draw Waters said: "I refuse to pet I opened on three kings." And he Henderson said nothing, but Waters after waiting a moment to see if he would peak, said: "You don't seem to be surspeak, said: "You don't seem to be sur-prised. Now, I want to say that that's the last time. When a man deals himself a card off the bottom of the deck I take

for granted it's an ace, and I don't back three kings."
"What the " began Henderson, but the other interrupted.
"Do you want me to show your hand?
Here it is. I haven't shuffled yet." And

hen, as Henderson made no reply, he con-"I don't wonder Jim caught you. He played as well as I do. But don't try is

played as well as I do. But don't try it again."

The big man shook with rage. "You miserable little whelp!" he exclaimed, and would have gone on, but Ginter interrupted.
"Better keep quiet, Bud," he said. "He's got you dead to rights, and your only chance is to win out." And from some ominous growling in the room Henderson evidently concluded he was right, for he said no more, and put up his ante.

The freeze-out did not last much longer. The freeze-out did not lest much longer. A full against a flush took baif of Henderson's chips, and he backed a pat straight against a flush for a considerable number more, when after he had gone down to twenty chips he tried to carry a bluff through, it was not hadly done either for Waters

It was not badly done, either, for Waters had opened a pot for five chips and he raised it five before the draw. Then Waters took three cards and bet a chip, and Henderson took two and raised it all he had.

He had done it on a pair of kings, ace next, and Waters showed down two pairs, so the struggle was nowed. so the struggle was over. Slowly the hunchback reached out and

Slowly the hunchback reached out and picked up the revolver, looking straight at Henderson the while, as if watching for some treacherous movement. The other sat like a statue, however, though he had suddenly gone as white as chalk.

Still more slowly, the hunchback cocked the weapon and brought it up almost to a level. Then his hand sank suddenly.

"Damn it! Why don't you shoot?" exclaimed Henderson. "I pay when I lose."

"It isn't that," said Waters. "My hand is too weak to hold this thing steady, and I don't want to take two shots."

As he spoke he raised the weapon again,

As he spoke he raised the weapon again, using both hards this time, and, steadying it with an evident effort, he took careful aim and pulled the trigger.

He seemed less allected than any of the

witnesses of the strange scene for some few minutes, but when he undertook to rise from his chair he was seized with a violent fit of trembling. Then he wept like a child, calling his brother by name again and again, and the weeping was followed by hard coughing, which continued till he was enirely helpless and they had to carry him to

And when they talked of requiring him to appear at the inquest, they found him dead in his bed.

# TALE OF A TREASURE OF RUM

RURIED SIXTY-ODD YEARS UNDER LAKE ERIE AND NOW SOUGHT.

\$200,000 Worth Sank in the Schoone Favorite, in a Wreck, Which Left One Survivor-Now He's to Guide a Search Party After Living Like a Crusoe.

TOLEDO, Ohio, Aug. 21.-At the bottom of Lake Erie, at its western end, somewhere between the mouth of the Detroit River and the point where the muddy waters of the Maumee River and the deep blue of the lake are engaged in the process of assimilation, there lies sufficient material to furnish "horrible examples" to temperance lecturers for the next score of years. It is the sunken cargo of the good ship Favorite, bound from Buffalo to Toledo, laden with whiskey and rum, in the autumn of 1839. The story of the wreck was almost for

gotten history until, recently, an item appeared in the papers announcing the organization of a company of Detroit and Toledo capitalists for the purpose of endeavoring to recover the cargo. Capt. Frank Saven, Capt. Frank Abair and several other old-time lake captains then recalled details of the wreck. The Favorite was one of the best of lake

ressels of her day. She was a schooner, trading principally between Buffalo and Detroit, but frequently touching at Toledo Upon this, her last voyage, she cleared from Buffalo with a cargo of liquor consigned to a Toledo firm. According to those interested in the plan for recovering it, the Favorite had on board 368 barrels of whiskey and 132 barrels of rum.

Just as the vessel was entering Maume Bay a sou'wester blew up suddenly and drove the Favorite out into the lake and northward toward the mouth of the Detroit River. Somewhere abreast of Monroe Piers, or between there and Stony Point, the vessel foundered and was abandoned by her crew. Only one of these survived the storm. He was rescued by some fishermen, who found him more dead than alive clinging to some floating wreckage.

The schooner broke up rapidly, as was evidenced by wreckage that was washed ashore. The sole survivor in time made his way to Toledo. He remained here only a few days. Then he disappeared. It was thought his mind had become affected by the exposure he had undergone. Many thought he had committed suicide or wandered away in the wilderness which then surrounded Toledo.

Several efforts were made to find him because it was thought he might be able to pilot a party to the point at which the vessel had gone down, but the project had to be abandoned.

The story of the finding of this lone survivor of the wreck, whose name is withheld by those interested in the new effort to locate the cargo, was told the other day by one of the Toledoans interested in the new

company, said he: "A short time ago a party of Detroiters and Toledoans planned a cruise on Lake Erie. It was a jolly party out to have a good time. We planned a cruise among the islands of the lakes. In fact, our idea was to find something new, if possible, and to go as near as possible to where man had never been before. One day, while skirting the Canadian shore, we did reach a small island. just peeping up through the blue waters of the lake. We had no intention of landing We could see no human habitation.

"It was one of those mere specks of land, until we saw a thin column of smoke rising. cruised around the little island twice, in the hope of attracting some one's attention. Failing in this, we made a landing with a small boat we had on board. In the centre | When Pease bought the historic George we found a veritable Robinson Crusoe, who was apparently as much surprised as we were. He was an old man, clothed in the garb of a fisherman, with long gray hair, reaching well down his shoulders. When we hailed him he stood like a sphinx and scowled at our intrusion. Then, as we approached him he retreated into his shack. built of logs and wreckage, and shut the rickety old door behind him with a bang.

"Our first intention was to retreat for fear of hostilities, but a more intrepid member of the party scoffed at our fear, walked up to the door and rapped We were surprised to see the door open, a few words were exchanged and then our advance agent pulled a flask from his pocket and offered it to the hermit. He took a long draught

eagerly. "This was our introduction to the hermit of Jag Island, as we named it. He proved to be the sole survivor of the wrecked schooner Favorite, the gentleman and scholar who is to head the expedition now being organized in Toledo and Detroit to recover the valuable cargo now reposing

on the bottom of Lake Erie. "Gentleman and scholar we found the old recluse. He lives there alone and makes trips to the mainland in a little boat but seldom. He obtains his sustenance from the fish in the surrounding water and, surrounded by a few domestic pets and a small but select library of the best things in English literature he dreams his days away. lish literature, he dreams his days away. "He has travelled the world over, has sailed many seas and has been a party in salled many seas and has been a party in many adventurous expeditions. He has been up and down in the scale of fortune. At present he is neither clear down, nor away up, but I judge he need not worry. For ten years he has lived as he is living

to-day.
"It was from him, after a two day's stay about the neighborhood, that we first heard the story of the foundering of the Favorite and her valuable cargo. A came in instan-ments, between eatables and drinkables, with enough evidences of correctness thrown in to allay our doubts. The old recluse has charts drawn from memory and other valuable documents which will be of service to us in our search. This is all I dare say about the enterprise for the present: say about the enterprise for the present. But we feel confident of our ability to recover that cargo and when recovered it will be worth, at least calculation, \$200,000. Interested with us is a man from Detroit, who is one of the best-known wreckers on who is one of the best-known wreckers on the Lakes, and who has had years of ex-perience in handling this kind of property. "We have thoroughly verified all stories of the wreck by investigating the customs records as to quantity of cargo, time of sailing, and other important matters. Having found our friend correct in these matters we feel more than ever encouraged and more confident that the entire plan is

The peculiar character of the undertaking makes all those interested charv about disclosing their plans. The expedition will be fitted out in Toledo and the undertaking will be begun this fall.

"It may not be generally known," said

"It may not be generally known," said an interested party, "that a company of Toledoans are now dragging thousands of dollars' worth of logs from the bottom of the Maumee River, down by the lower terminal railway bridge. These logs have been in the mud since before the wreck of the Favorite. They are worth more than if they had been growing all these years, on account of their susceptibility to fine polish, and it is estimated that these men will make \$100,000 out of the transaction. The man at the head of the comaction. The man at the head of the company organized to recover them discovered them by accident while fishing three years ago. Other people knew there was timber in the river bed, but he was the first man to grasp the idea of its great value." It has not been many months since the papers chronicled the finding of an old but small cargo of whiskey in the Missouri River. It was sold for \$20 a gallon.

A SURVIVAL OF OLD ROME.

The Theatre at Orange in Southern France and Its Interesting Performances. The classical performances given in the antique theatre at Orange this summer marked the twenty-third year that these festivals have been held. The plays were both versions of antique tragedies made by contemporaneous French writers to meet the conditions of their production. One was "Œdipus and the Sphinx" by Sar Peladan, and "The Phoenicians" of Euripides, adapted by George Rivollet. In addition to these works, there were

Corneille's "Horace." bits of Gluck's operas

and some folk stories of Provence. Emma

Calvé, Eugenie Segord-Weber, Paul Mounet,

Mounet-Sully and Maria Gay were among

the principal performers. This theatre at Orange is one of the most interesting architectural relics in France It dates from the second century. The colony founded in Arausio Secundano rum by Cæsar built a triumphal arch, which s one of the best preserved relics of Roman times in the world; a hippodrome which is almost destroyed, and the theatre, which is incomparable. The dimensions of the great amphitheatre bear so little relation to the size of the little town as to make it certain that these buildings were put up not to accommodate the inhabitants of the new colony so much as to impress on them the greatness of Rome. The theatre, although showing some traces of Greek

influence, is in almost purely Roman style It is not probable that many of the Latin tragedians ever appeared in this theatre during the brilliant days of the Greek tragedy. The plays given there were coarse farces of folk life, much beloved by the Romans; pantomimes, performances of acrobats and jugglers and exhibitions of wild and trained animals, which at the time of the invasion of the barbarians, swarmed through the Rhone Valley.

As soon as the theatre had been restored

it was decided to give dramatic perform-ances there again. In 1869 the first performances were given under the direction of "Les Felibres," an association of Pro-vençal poets. The accustics of the theatre adapt it only to performances of the theatre adapt it only to performances of a certain character. In 1874 "Norma," "Le Chalet" and "Galathée" were sung with such little success that the enthusiasts in charge of the productions were discouraged.

Then for twelve years there were no further attempts to revive these performances. Finally in 1886 "The Emperor of tragedy by the Provencal poet Alaxis Mouzin, was acted along with the rather inappropriate "Les Precieuses Ridicules" of Molière. In 1888 "Œtipe Roi" was produced at Orange with Mounet-Sully in the title role, with such triumph that the attention of the world was first called to this curious theatre and its at-

ractive performances.
Although President Loubet, at that time President of the Senate, did everything President of the Senate, did everything possible to facilitate these performances it was necessary three years ago to found the "Society of the Friends of the Theatre at Orange." The first performance given in 1899, was the "Alcestis" of Euripides in a version made by George Revollet and Racine's "Athalie." Since then, successful summer performances have been given every year engaging the services of the every year, engaging the services most noted actors and singers of and drawing large audiences. They draw to them many Americans, who take this opportunity of seeing the ruins under such attractive conditions. The audience at the last performance this season numbered 8.000 persons.

### JULE PEASE COULDN'T STAND IT. Arrogance of a New Steamboat Up in Maine

and the Trouble Caused Thereby. MINEO, Me., Aug. 22.-Jule Pease, "owner and commander" of the Suncook Lake steamer George A., spent a part of the week in the custody of a deputy sheriff at Dover, and thereby hangs a tale. In spite of the fact that a shooting was the cause of detention, the developments promise to be entertaining. The trouble

is all due to a steamboat rivalry. A. and towed it down the west branch of the Penobscot River to Chesuncook Lake. there was a sensation, because it was the first craft of its kind this wilderness lake had ever known, and its appearance was greeted with much the same siasm that welcomed Fulton in his first

efforts on the Hudson.

For several years the George A. was king of the lake, but recently a new boat, the Caribou, has made its appearance. Being a new boat, it naturally felt somewhat a new boat, it naturally above the queer craft, which was familiarly known among visitors as "The Bug," iarly known among visitors as "The Bug," owing to its resemblance at a distance to a polato bug. The George A. nevertheless had friends and as a result, feeling was created which did not lessen under the soothing influence of time.

Last week a crew of woodsmen approached Commander Passe and asked

proached Commander Pease and asked him to tow a scow down the lake. He refused. The crew then secured the rival boat and when they came to Pease's place they lay to and unmercifully hooted and jeered the owner of the ancient boat. Pease has some French blood in his veins, and life in the woods has given him independence of action. He stood the racket for awhile and then, losing his temper, rushed into the house, seized his revolver and fired several shots at his tormentors. No one was injured, but a complaint was entered against Pease and a deputy sheriff went down and brought him out.

Pease was seen by THE SUN correspondent here, where he stopped on his way down the lake. He looked askance at his deputy, who replied for him. "Gass yer hadn't better say nothin'; time 'nuff to talk whan ya'r'n court."

And what a deputy sheriff says in ONE DRINK THAT FAILS HERE. Slight Demand for Arrack, the Favorite

Liquor of East Indians. If arrack, the favorite drink of East Indians, justified one-half of the praise of poets and travellers it would not be selling in the New York market, as it is, for \$1 a quart, and the demand for it would long ago have been sufficient to make arrack drinking a fad. Few wines or liquors have been so often, so long or so generously extolled as arrack, but though described as the drink of kings and princes, of fairies and magicians, of warriors and wanderers, it somehow does not seem to "take hold" in this country. and practically the only use found for it is as a foundation for punch.

The belief is general, but, though general, erroneous, that arrack is formed from the fermentation of cocoanuts and it has gained therefore, the name of cocoanut wine. As a matter of fact, arrack is produced from the areca nut, or the arrack tree. The word is of Indian origin and the term s applied in most parts of India and the East Indies to designate any sort of spiritu-ous liquor. Arrack is distinguished from other ardent spirits by its stimulating and nar otic properties; its flavor is peculiar, and it differs considerably in consequence of the various articles of which it is prepared, and the unequal care taken in its

manufacture. Batavia or Java arrack is considered the Batavia or Java arrack is considered the best; it is obtained by distillation from rice and molasses, with only a small mixture of cocoanut toddy. Ceylon arrack is invariably made from the vegetable juice toddy, which flows by incision from the cocoanut tree; after the juice is fermented it is distilled and rectified; some are of the opinion that it is equal to the Ratavia.

opinion that it is equal to the Batavia.

Arrack is white and transparent. Pineapples steeped in it impart an exquisite flavor to the spirit, and by age it becomes unrivalled for making punch. Several thousand gallons are sold in this country for that purpose each wear but as contrained. for that purpose each year, but as a steady drink it has attained no success. The number of East Indians in the United States drink it is insignificant, and when they drink, they

END OF A GREAT GAMBLES

BOB MURRAY, ONCE FAMOUS IN THE WEST, DIES POOR.

Bat Masterson's Tales of His Rig Winnings -Began Gambling in Church and Came to Own a Noted Place in Denver -Helped to Boom Schlatter the Healer

Bat Masterson sat in front of a table at an uptown hotel last night and, between sins of mineral water, told stories about Bob Murray, once a famous gambler, who died at Kokomo, Ind. on Monday last According to Masterson Murray won and lost more money during his thirty years at handling playing cards than any other

gambler. "He was dead square," said the former Marshal of Dodge City. "He would bet on the length of a calf rope, the weight of a dead man's boots, how long it would rain. and all such things. The gambling spirit was born in him.

"He told me that when a kid at Kokomo he was the farthest advanced boy in his Sunday school; that he won money on the ength of sermons, how many converts there would be in a week or month. He became so notorious that he was expelled from church and the country school. Then with the proceeds of the sale of a set of fishing tackle and a shot gun, he bought a ticket to the Black Hills.

"There he drifted one day into a faro bank run by "Red" Hart, formerly a dealer at El Paso. Hart was dealing at the time. It was Murray's first whirl at the game He knew no system.

He coppered the ace and, at the same time, put a bet behind the deuce to win He placed bets on the corner of the 9 taking in the 5, 9 and 4, while having the 10-spot coppered. He whipsawed nearly ever turn, and, after four nights' playing Hart

refused him more chips. "How much he won, I haven't any idea But he terrorized successful dealers like 'Lucky' Sam Wilkerson and 'Baldy' Moffett During all this time he was as calm as a day in June. Occasionally he would light a cigar and smoke it. But never was he a cigar and smoke it But never was he seen to indulge in whiskey. Nor was he ever seen unshaved, or with his collar soiled or his boots unshined. He was the Beau Brummel of the Hills.

"First thing we all know he has a gambling house of his own at Cheyenne—one with red carpets thicker than the subsoil of a Kansas wheat field, looking glasses, side boards, oil portraits and downy lounges. And he got the business and he made friends. Shucks! he wasn't there six months before he could have been elected.

months before he could have been elected Mayor or anything else within the gift of the people of Cheyenne.

"I am not in a position to say with accuracy how many dollars Murray had when he joined in with Charley Pierce at Denver fifteen years ago, but I'll venture a guess at a figure looking like \$1,000,000, which was in cash. The house in Denver was known as Murray & Pierce's and we was known as Murray & Pierce's and we was known as Murray & Pierce's and undoubtedly there never was such a gambling establishment since the time gold was discovered in the Sacramento Valley in '49. There were crap games, faro, stud poker, chuckaluck, keno, roulette, seven-up, fan-tan and any other sort of a game a white man ever had any knowledge of "Murray made more coin than the Union Pacific Railroad. He bought horses, carriages, good clothes, diamonds, stocks in wild cat mining companies, gave to churches and, generally, spent his stuff

as if he were handling stage money.
"Yes," said Jack Devine, former prietor of the biggest saloon west of Missouri River, "and he wouldn't let the little miners wager all they had.

"One time I saw a fellow come in and buy a stack of whites, which in those days buy a stack of whites, which in those days cost \$10. In a minute they had been wiped off the board. As the player started away Bob called him back and handed him back his money. Then he turned to the dealers and told them that they never should accept a bet from him in future. It seems that this player had been going to Muray's place every Saturday night to Muray's place every Saturday night to

ray's place every Saturday night months and losing his salary—never ning a single time.
"A month later I was in the house who the same fellow walks in and there being a new man behind the box he succeeded

in negotiating a V for a half stack of whites. Murray was out at dinner. Presently Murray returned. He walked over to the table and in second saw what was taking place. The was Smith, whom he had barred, having all the checks, the blues, reds, yellows and green in front of him. Murray sized up affairs and good-naturdly walked awa with the remark that he wouldn't interfere as long as Smith was winning.

"But about 5 o'clock in the morning had a different tune to whistle. Smith had \$35,500 coming to him and, while Mu

ray was in another part of the house, Piero his partner, shut Smith off. Just about

the time the money was being counted out to the winner Murray showed up. He stopped the proceedings, saving to Smith that he could have \$500 that time and me more; that the moment he would appea sober, and with a friend that was know to the house, the balance of the mone would be paid to him. "One, two, three, four, five days elapsed without his appearance. Then Murray reported the case to the police. In a few hours Smith was discovered by a detective taken to a bathroom, sweated and scrubbed with he was color.

until he was sober. Then he presented himself to Murray, who counted him \$35,000 in big bills.
"As Smith started to leave the pl As simin started to leave the place the remarked that if Murray would give him a deal with the yellow chips at \$100 a piece there would be something doing. He was on in a minute. In less than an hour le was all in. Murray handed him a certury note and told him never to let him a certain the production of the same than a certain product of the place of the same than a certain place of the plac see his face again in a gambling house."
"While I don't take much stock in Chris "While I don't take much stock in Christian science and truck like that," resumed Masterson, "I must say that Francis Schlater, who for years posed as the only divine healer this side of Jericho, had a lot to de with prolonging poor Bob's life.

"Along in the spring months of 1898 Murray found himself without funds and with eyesight gone. Meantime his partner. Pierce, was dead. But Pierce had the foresight to invest some of his winnings in resight.

sight to invest some of his winnings estate. Pierce's widow succeeded property, and when Murray began for physically and financially Mrs. Pierc duced him to go to her home where he

mained for weeks.

"Mrs. Pierce read the newspapers him. Schlatter then was holding need around Albuquerque, and to Albu Murray went. When he reached Mexican town it was thronged with lame, halt and blind. A number of tran-were in line for no other purpose than

sell their positions to those with morey
"To one of these Murray gave \$20. After
his first treatment, he declared that he was
well, that he could see as well as ever be
fore. And, for a while, he could see as
distinctly enough to read the finest print.
When Murray returned to Denver, the
newspapers marvelled at his cure and, if
doing so, made Schlatter famous.
"While the alleged healer was being at sell their positions to those with mon

"While the alleged healer was being ar-rested in Illinois a few weeks later, Murray was growing weaker and blinder he got so he could not tell night from day
"To my mind, he was one of the greatest

gamblers the world has ever known

